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NATURE

Nature

BY

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This Poem is a Personification of the most important Elements and Conditions of Nature and the Universe, with God as the Author of all Things.

EDITED BY GRABIEL BROS.
1896.

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Preface.

This Poem, written by Z. O. Grabiel, is a personification of the most important elements in the Universe and in Nature. It is sent out with the desire that it may prove to be a profitable visitor to every one who may peruse its pages. One reason for placing it before the public is to test a plan whereby noble causes may be aided. It is determined by the Author to give to the Board of Missions three cents on every copy of the present edition sold.

Hoping that it may remain in the assurance of much respect, I am

Sincerely,

REV. V. L. GRABIEL.

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ADA, O.

Nature

I.

NATURE'S AUTHOR.

God was a positive degree,
A spirit having power to be;
Naught else existed but the three,
Consisting of the trinity.

All wisdom crowned his righteousness
With love, power, truth and holiness;
Was infinite eternally
Unchanged, as to Eternity.

Creation he could bring about
By the word of his power and might,
And out of boundless Love he planned
The work complete for Nature's hand.

He made all living existence
On the stage of Time to be played,
And weighed their each environments
In Eternity, which he made.

And that continuance be,
The author of Eternity
Framed from the highest harmony [be
Each step with Laws that such should

II.

NATURE'S ATTRIBUTES.

Attending Elements of his
That go to make up qualities,
And all the Laws that govern Space
These attributes did God embrace
With all the powers he could enlist
To make a thing of Time exist.

Law was the standard of all Truth
Whom God had set to watch, as proof
That all things be as was required
To make Creation as he desired.

Love was God's greatest faculty,
And by his powers of harmony
Should God's powers all through Na-
Developed in Eternity. [ture be

Space, who kept Time in his embrace
To illustrate the Laws of place
Where all God's attributes could be
When Nature formed Eternity,
Stood waiting at Creation's door,
Till God the proper time restore.

All attributes of God's own power
Were Nature's fields, where he should
hour
Old Time, in space's zones, and see
His conquest over Dormancy.

God placed them in Eternity,
And portioned to them their degree

Of work and their allotted time
That Creation be full and prime.

And Dormancy, the power of death
Who held the Devil's selfish breath,
Now sat with darkness on the throne
Of nonentity, Satan's domain.

III.

GOD'S PURPOSE OF NATURE.

To reveal his love most holy
And attain the highest glory,
Was God's plan of Eternity
In which Creation was to be.

This should come forth through life
and grow
As God to Nature would bestow
His power, and grant him use the same
Which was the part for which he came.

Nature should be endowed with power
To form the elements in life's bower,
Where God would place a spirit, free
To grow to immortality
And enter into realms of bliss
Excelled by none in happiness.

Did God not utilize his power
Old Dormancy would Time devour,
And love would never show his face
And void would be the page of space.

IV.

GOD'S REQUIREMENTS OF NATURE.

Nature, the servant God had made
To be assistant and to aid
In the work of his Creation,
God now plans to take his station.

But the work for him to perform
Must by his Law stand and conform,
And development could not be
If all with Law did not agree.

Thus to comply with God's demands
Life's freedom should be in Laws
Dependent on the elements [hands
Consigned to Nature, at their expense.

But Law that filled a living space
Should be in harmony's embrace,
Before that God would grant a place
For these elements to embrace.

God's Laws should rule the elements,
And Nature hemmed within Law's fence,
Had to abide till God unfold [led.
His Love where Dormant laws control-
Law could not swerve from God's demands,
For in the Law God made all plans,
And so Life seemed to be in vain
Because of Dormancy domains.

Thus did these powers stand fixed, unmoved,
Till all the Laws God had approved.
And Nature, famishing for light,
Was worthy made to quit the night
And gain entrance to higher Laws,
That kingdom where the living was.

The elements that were combined
Began to search as tho' to find
What course of Laws was in the mind
Of God for progress to their end.

Boundless Love, Holiness and Grace
Ceased living dormant in their place,
And sat watching for Time and Space
And all their Laws in Nature's case.

While Law holds forth their rules of power
Nature will choose from Time their hour,
And Love would harmonize and lend
Assistance till Creation's end.

In that great magnet, Universe,
Each separate atom should rehearse
The part that God allotted it
In such a way as he saw fit.

Each in a system of its own,
Nature conducting through the zone
Of Laws for all environment
To form the whole of God's intent.

And so within each particle
Of substance or material,

God placed a Law for each degree
Of change or state or what should be.

And every change or action made
By processes of Law was weighed,
And balanced up in God's own mind
And by him properly consigned
To make a part of one great whole,
Which Law should govern and control
These fields of power within Nature
We designate as persons were.

V.

*GOD EXPELS SATAN.

God--

"Since first I was upon the stage [age,
And thou by me was made to fill the
Previous to the time when I began
To fix and form Creation's plan,
Thou hast been a part of me,
And also a necessity.
Therefore, I will not destroy thee,
But will permit thy life to be
As a warning to mine and me.
Go hence into Eternity, [naught
For thy work disturbs and brings to
The very objects of my thought."

*NOTE:—Dormancy is the kingdom of darkness, which is Satan's dominion, and all revertings from life are Satan's forces. Therefore, war in Heaven was a necessity when Creation was planned.

Satan—

"What? Dost thou think me false to thee?
Have not I been ages with thee
Without the least complaint?
Think you wrong. I will not suffer such treatment.
(Aside) My power by habit is the Law,
Which if broken makes void all Law."

God—

"Nay, Lucifer, thy work is done
Before my throne, and creation
Demands all of my attention;
I command you depart, begone."

Devil—

"Not for my life I'll not resign
My office here for time is mine,
And he'll declare my perfect right
To keep the keys of Dormant night."

God—

"My Love doth bear with thee,
Satan, thou king of Dormancy;
For peace and harmony
I will be fair with thee;
Let wisdom choose twixt thee and me,
To judge how Time spend Eternity."

Satan—

"Ah, well, my Lord, 'tis fair in you,
I will here judgment agree to,
There'll be no harm in this to me, (Aside)
For I control the powers that be,

Periods of Nonentity,
Centers my throne in Dormancy."

God—

"Then, Lucifer, prepare thy proof,
The witnesses in your behalf;
For Wisdom will be fair with all,
Deciding for all powers in full."

Satan—

"Upon the throne her highness be
To judge my powers o'er time to be;
I am away to make report
My proof before her royal court."

Wisdom Truth and Love exercising God's mind.

Truth—

"What is without? Hark, do you hear
A strange commotion drawing near
Like to a hurricane of fire,
Satan's burning dormant desire?"

Love—

"Tis Satan coming as in war,
To prove his authority here;
And tortures Time for his embrace,
To subdue him to plead his case."

Wisdom—

"What is the matter with his grace?
Does he not reign within his place?"

Truth—

"My Lord, he comes to Wisdom's court

To plead his cause and make report;
His right as to Eternity,
To keep it in its Dormancy;
For God forbid him near his throne
Henceforth, saying his work is done,
For which your judgment to decide;
For your decree they have agreed,
Thus Satan brings his proof you see,
Enters him now like Dormancy.

Love—

"Quiet as death is Wisdom's word,
Not a sound in his court is heard;
But his feelings one plain can see
Shudders at sight of Dormancy."

Satan—

"Going up and down, to and fro
Through all ages, as you well know,
My part has been a one-third lot
Among the powers that here have wrought;
And I by custom have attained
To favor in my vast domain;
But now that some disturbers bring
Complaint of me before the King,
To your decision we've agreed
Before your court the case to plead."

And so the war of Heaven began,
Of which we postpone description;
Results of which was Creation,
Whom God sends Nature to begin,
And all the while thro' dormant vale,
I hear the cries of powers that wail

And writhe in agony of wars,
That Satan stirs up with these powers;
For he has pledged to them their lot,
His gain they want, truth they care [not.
Love is not in them but for gain,
Dormancy their only aim.

VI.

GOD SENDS LIGHT FORTH.

While Light with Nature bore his share
Till all these things God did prepare,
He came to see that Nature bore
The key of freedom to his door;
And God alone could give the hour
To open it for any power.

And by his lens, (Love's sympathy),
Adjusted on the Law to see
If Nature could but atomize
The Elements, and fill the skies
With them. His spirit could reflect
Upon these atoms, and connect
His light at every point of space,
If perfect shape their form and face.

And through the windows of the place
He saw his freedom. Love with space
Had caught the Elements in a breeze
Which now was growing by degrees.

Electric force was forming fast,
From spirit magnets in the blast;
And chemic action taking place,
Awakened everything in space

And Nature's form began to change
In Laws of Light God did arrange;
Already Time had now begun
To count the moments, one by one,
God now placed Law throughout all space
To keep the Elements in place;

These Elements Old Nature ties
Up by the Law and thus comprise
The many bundles that Old Time
Presents to Space, upon the line
Of life that God to Nature gave
To stamp and shape each one in brave
Outline, upon the field to reap
Which is assigned for Space to keep
In charge. While Law makes life the slave
Of Nature who assigns to grave
His work these bundles to undo
While he of them forms bundles new.

VII.

* NATURE'S CONTEST.

The time was when opposing Laws
Had no existence power or was;
God was the balanced power alone
For Creation was not yet known.

But when Creation's Laws were laid,
The State prior to them was made
A minor part of existence;
Whose Laws opposed life in a sense,
Were just and right when in their place
The proper spirit they embrace.

But this by Nature could not be,
Their dormant spirit had gone free
To roam at large at his own will;
And when the spirit Satan fell,
These powers of Nature parallel,
Gave him a place to live and dwell;
For they are powers and parts of him,
His character began in them.

Here Darkness had prevailed so long,
By Law, but not in behalf of wrong,
But that old selfish Dormancy,
Be gluttoned in an empty sea.

And oft he had consoled his thought,
That the Law could not swerve a jot;
His confidence resting thereon,

*NOTE:—Dormancy often takes the form of an individual devil as in this chapter.

Not dreaming that light would e'er
dawn.

But Love was the element to subdue,
These fixed results that all pursue,
A sweeter strain of harmony,
Upon a broader sympathy;
Had long been showing to his friends,
Life's benefits and Nature's ends.

Therefore Darkness tried to compose
The Law, and persuade him to refuse
To listen to Love's pleasant voice;
When all the powers bid well Love's
choice.

His jealousy was now aroused
With Dormancies that Love espoused;
The life of Nature in whose heart,
Time beat a sympathetic part,
For Time had always been his friend,
With him his former life did spend.

He tried to show that rest was ease,
And that to change rules would dis-
Making discordant elements, [please,
Encumbering each with expense,

Making a dark shadowy plea
That Nature with law did not agree;
And to leave Nature in his hands,
He would eclipse Nature's demands.

To illustrate that all might see
What Nature would require to be,

He brought his blackness into sight,
And what required to make it light,
Showing that light would kill his
power,
And all his shadows would devour.

Dormancy tried to show the way,
In which Time's life would be a prey
To all the powers that did exist;
How he from them could not resist,
The moments they had loaned of him,
Could never be redeemed again.

Law then answered in terms his own,
That Time's business was that to loan,
And though he gave moments away,
His life would be spared day by day,

And Time was willing thus to give
His life for them that they might live,
To do their part within the place
God had deigned them to embrace.

Darkness then pleads that Dormancy
And Nature could never agree,
And if given the elements to use,
Nature would Dormancy's pow'r abuse.

And seeing Time would natural be,
From then throughout Eternity,
Dormancy tried to get the space,
To forbid Nature in his place.

Saying that he'd disturb his rest,
And overrun the place with pest,

Burdening him with worldly care;
Encumbering with an atmosphere;
Making a cloudy fog to fill,
His premises at Nature's will.

And constellations by the score,
Would zodiac his place all o'er;
Until no other room be found,
That a planet might circle round.

Electric forces would arise
Distending him in endless skies,
And subjugate by force and storms,
The powers therein in various forms.

And light would come with starry eyes,
Reflecting on him in dis skies,
With lightest sympathy and rays,
(His hoary locks) and stand and gaze.

But space well knew how things would be,
How that the Law to Dormancy had talked,
Had talked, and bid him keep away
From Life, who would Love's powers obey.

With some degree of sympathy,
Space bid him go and search to see,
If in his place he could abide,
If Time would order him to hide.

Darkness then pale as tho' from fear,
Seeing that Time was drawing near,
Began to hide away from sight,
While Time and Nature marked his flight.

Provision in the Law was made [laid,
For Dormancy, whose schemes were
To retain all powers that would aid
Him hold Dormant conditions made.

For he, (to bar Creation's door
Permitting Nature there no more),
Had claimed all powers were his, and
hence,
(Gotten through his inheritance),
The right of which was in his power,
To dispose of as he desired,
And Nature had no business there
Except as he would choose to share,
(As though he had authority
Above that of the Trinity).

Here Law presents God's plan of love,
Which he pronounced should be above
The selfishness of Dormancy;
Where Nature, Time and Life agree,
To build for God, Eternity;
And selfishness should cease to be.

When Dormancy could not prevail,
He tried Nature's powers to entail,
By sending forth the sting of death,
Where it might poison Nature's
breath.

Because of making this offense,
God gave Law orders that from hence
Forth he should be cast into hell,
A place of death where he should
dwell.

While Time had witness this command,
God's Laws gave life to Love to lend,
And Nature was released to dress,
Creation with the powers that bless,

His freedom was obtained by Love,
Who got it through God's highest Law;
And leased it to the Natural Law,
That Nature might develop Love.

This brought about a work for all,
Nature, whose powers had been so small,
Became the fountain head of Life,
Through which Creation would derive.

And Holiness, who was for right,
With Grace attending, also Light,
And Time, Space, Law, Love, also Night,
Gave up to Nature all their might.

Holiness had with Love and Grace,
Powers for spirits to embrace;
These were all crowned God's highest Laws,
To bring about Old Nature's cause.

Time unfolding for Life itself,
Makes their while to drink his health;
Space bids God's powers all each and one,
Come share with him his possession.

Giving to Life the powers of choice,
By Law Life speaks in Nature's voice;
Honored with all is that of Light,
Crowned by Creation over the Night;
These all render through Law their
part,
Held Life to pulsate Nature's heart,

And Love abounds in every place,
Holding their powers in his embrace;
Sympathizing with each care,
And all their discords helps to bear;
Redeeming them if it could be,
To a higher Law of sympathy.

VIII.

NATURE IN CREATION.

Time who had sat upon Law's fence,
For many years at great expense,
To Nature himself no profit,
Was waiting on all who sought it.

He together with his friend, Space,
Because acquainted in every place;
And represented Nature's plan,
Of their own live's span upon span.

Holiness and grace go along,
Like a spirit of music and song,
That Love's presence be everywhere,
Representing the work now theirs,
And see that Nature rightly lends,
To the spirit as God intends.

While Creation is on its way,
The powers of Dormancy give way,
Darkness is cast in Hell's highway,
And Light comes forth, the dawn of
day.

And all the elements of space,
Are set apart to fill their place;
And Nature has his powers to be,
Extended to eternity.

While silently, yet thundering loud,
Time steals along behind a shroud,
And debits life with moments used,
Credits Dormancy with death infused;
For Dormancy had left his blight,
Till death should come and claim his
right.

And death's mark is upon the scene,
And shows where Dormancy has been;
Where Nature springs a living bud,
In Time's life-race, Creation's flood.
That Love return to him who gave,
Released by Death as Nature's slave.

And what was known of each domain,
Was never known as that again;
Except as Time had marked the place,
That those who judge might keep its
trace.

And ages roll Life's atoms o'er,
And leave their trace on Nature's floor;
Till Creation has moved its marks,

Where suns shone out like many
sparks.

And planetary orbs which play,
Around their suns and course their way
With them along the firmaments,
By the Laws for Nature's guidance.

And as Creation marches on,
Nature hangs them one by one,
Upon a chain of periods,
As numerous as myriads;
Each one he classified its power,
What part of Time it did devour.

A Sun cast out in space to be
A mass of Electricity,
Would flash, flicker, sputter and be
In a state of fluidity.

Its chemicals that made it such,
Were so arranged, that slightest touch
Of current Electricity,
Would make its face a flaming sea.

All suns were naturally
A mass of Electricity,
Placed in their periods of Time,
Revolving in their space sublime;
And balanced there by Nature's will,
God's power given Nature to fulfill.

Each sun comprising magnet power,
To balance Space and thus devour
The moments that Old Time had
spared,
As kisses which all Nature shared.

They are a great refining fire,
That changes dross for God's desire,
The use of which is for the wall
Of new Jerusalem's temple.

And as each part complete is made
Within the wall it then is laid,
Which sparkles with its brilliancy,
Within the wall of Galaxy.

The Galaxy when once complete
Will be the city's golden street.
The wall between the heaven world,
And that where death and hell are
hurled.

Thus when Old Time has run his race,
And God has gathered to his place,
The scene, though changed, will be
the same
As that before Old Nature came.

God was a positive degree,
His negative was Dormancy;
And just between the two was Time,
Who was a wall dividing them.

And other balls with tails supplied,
Were cast about on every side;
And as by Nature they were sent,
They knew no bounds of firmament.

Although their Natures rambling are,
They are the main develop star;
Drawing slowly when e'er they call,
Material for God's temple wall.

Like spider in his silken den,
Whose trap has caught young mouse within,
Goes here and there to tighten cords
Or loosen other tiny threads,
And by his patient laboring
Will draw him up in air to swing.

The comet in his airy nest,
Goes back and forth upon its crest;
And draws the solar systems all,
Toward the Galaxy's great wall.

A planet was unlike a sun
In that it was to balance one,
And fill up all the space required,
By Law and as Nature desired.

Revolving with fixed angles, they
By magnetism were to stay,
Positioned in a Zodiac,
Coursing along an ether track.

These magnets negative are far
Inferior to Sun's great power, [bear,
Who sends light with warm heart to
Comfort to their cold atmosphere.

And keep them turning on their poles,
Which marks there days while Time unfolds,
Shadows that Darkness gave to Night
To wrestle with the powers of light.

Darkness and light are opposites,
Positive and negative bits; [these
And when planets are charged with

That part the longest from sun's ray's,
Becomes more strongly negative,
While nearing to its positive.

And as the heated side repels [dwells,
The part where Light the longest
Becomes acute to change its place,
And let the darkness hide its face.

This is God's special plan of rest,
Which change takes place in Nature's
That all the Universe be lit, [breast,
Just the extent that he sees fit.

And Nature smiles, his rosy cheeks,
Acknowledges their power. He speaks
God's wisdom in each character,
And sings his praise in atmosphere.

IX.

*FATHER AND MOTHER NATURE.

And God supreme sits on the throne,
Judging the work as it is done;
Imparts to Nature of earth's place,
How he should form it into space.

*NOTE:—In 5th verse Gazy is represented as only in the mind of God, but coming to form in verse 6, he exists, and in verse 7 becomes Nebulae, into which Nature will send a spark. He is here represented as the Nebulae from which our solar system was formed. Afterwards he is spoken of as the starry Universe as seen from the earth.

While Nature views the land and sea,
As God reveals how it shall be,
He takes a spectrum of the place,
Calculating its entire space;
The form in which it now exists,
Lies in darkness, shadows and mists.

As preparations for life express
The requirements of earth progress;
Two divisions in Nature were,
One Earth, and one the Atmosphere.
The Earth was Father Nature's home,
Its life was Father Nature known;
The Atmosphere from Earth to skies,
This, Mother Nature should comprise.

These should exist within the place,
Known where Old Gazy does embrace;
And Gazy was to be a clerk,
Assisting Nature's space-hall work.

He was then a vague dark shadow,
That haunted a boundless hollow,
And lived within its empty shell,
With just sufficient room to dwell.

And while he slept his hours away,
Nature appeared as if to say,
He would send an electric spark,
To lighten up his place so dark;

And in his hall Darkness still sat,
Lounging on old Dormancy's mat;
Gazy saw this electric sphere,
With tail of fire trailing in rear;

Looking more bright as it drew nigh,
It was a comet in the sky.

And taking it within his arms,
Gazy felt its electric charms;
While swiftly pressing on its way,
Nature the elements display;

To revolutionize the power
Of Dormancy that would devour
Old Time, the Law, and even Space,
If 'twere not for God's love and grace.

And Father Time was drawing nigh,
And watched this comet passing by;
He began in eternity
To record Gazy's history,

And Nature said it is the pet
Of the skies, a wayward comet;
It passed before Old Gazy's face,
And Light came in his dwelling place,
And Father Time came in the way,
And saw approach his dawn of day.

He also saw Old Gazy's face,
As he was in his dwelling place,
And things he never saw before,
While standing at Old Gazy's door.

And as he came within the place,
The comet stood before his face;
And lightnings flash and thunder
rolls,
As Time in Nature's life unfolds.

And all the elements combined,
Working in harmony with God's mind,
Are hot with flaming tongues of fire,
To conquer Dormancy's desire
To keep possession of the place,
Where Gazy is known to embrace.

And seeing what a magic spell,
Had now upon Old Gazy fell,
Time gave to him moments to keep,
To company be when not asleep.

But Gazy never slept again,
His star-lit eyes reveal to men
That he is wide awake by day,
But light obscures his eyes away.

A star peeped through Old Gazy's tent
Where Nature quite a hole had rent;
And while it looked it disappeared
Behind a cloud that Nature steered.

But soon another star peeped in
And gazed awhile upon the scene,
And passed as did the star before,
To give the place to many more.

And as they each would take a peep,
Old Father Time would farther creep
Down through the chasms of the place
To note each change that he could trace.

He is as busy as a bee,
Jotting down all that he can see;

And writing it upon the walls
Of progress's angelic halls.

And while he does the greater part,
Mother Nature assists in art,
And Father Nature's chemicals
Assists the writing on the walls.

And Father Nature all the while,
Brings the elements to a trial
Of their powers, for which God's intent,
Is to light up this firmament.

This should depend a part on Sol,
When he became Gazy's burning ball;
This could not be till God provide
Firmaments, and waters divide.

But now the day breaks forth to light,
And God distinguishes day from night;
Making transparent Gazy's tent
Whose boundary was a firmament;
This was the Day revealed to men,
The beginning of creation.

Electric current through space flies,
Enchanting water to the skies,
Which reeled and rolled into a sphere
In this form Earth did then appear,
The waters and the clouds thus stay,
The same was known as second day.

And many were the balls thus made,
While each were in their places staid;
By laws of electricity,
Volution's powers in harmony.

This is how God balanced all space,
Each magnet could only embrace,
That part of the magnetic skies,
Its electric force could equalize.

Revolving on their polar ax,
They speed through space in orbs whose tracks
Are oval shape because that Law,
Does Nature tow'rd a center draw.
This keeps them as though in a frame,
Poles positioned always the same.

The power that any magnet bears,
Exerts its force within its spheres;
Repelling that globe for a time,
Or drawing this one into line;
Forcing each other's transition,
Traversing orbs to completion.

And Father Nature with them all,
Revolves around a fiery ball;
Which Gazy kept 'twas Sol's own light,
Dispelling their continued night;
But still invisible to Earth, [hearse.
Because Earth's mists their time re-

X.

NATURE'S WATERS.

The Earth was thus cast into space,
With water o'er its entire face.

Which boiled and foamed with heated breath,
Until the elements of death
Had cooled their tongues to that degree,
Where Father Nature could be free,
To use the elements of Life,
When Time should properly arrive.

And Law bids Time to take the tide,
At certain hours and on it ride,
The waters o'er from east to west,
Pulsations heaving Nature's breast.

And Nature waves the tide to sea,
O'er shoals and spits upon the lea,
And bars the ocean bed with sand,
All washed and placed by his own hand.
Islands appear, their heads upraise
With bold faces against the waves;
And holding them at bay with sand,
Or rocky walls that girt the land,
Until the continents appear,
With all the beauties of Nature.

And mists had fogged the atmosphere
Since Time to Gazy did appear;
But now the fog is rolled away,
To let old Sol to rule the day.

And he is thus unveiled to Earth,
And his crowned radiance shows forth
The magnitude of space, whose skies
Blue, sparkle Gazy's brilliant eyes,
That ever watchful day and night,
Looks upon Nature with the light.

Gazy's form the oceans embrace,
Reflecting back his smiling face;
While in their depths a happy throng
Of water animals, some strong,
While some have battle instruments
Fixed to their bodies for defense;
And they are all the lowest stage
Of animals, by Nature's gauge.

And millions of each different kind
(Which are numberless to the mind)
Exist upon each other's flesh,
Or feed upon the seaweed brush.

Some live upon Nature's passion,
The sea lives on Earth's salt ration,
And moves about from place to place,
With nervous quiverings on her face;
Her restless body foams and sweats,
While o'er and o'er it summersets.

Though playful, like the mighty host
Of animals within her coast,
Her disposition is more brave,
And fearlessly, with dash of wave,
Grasps all the objects in tide's flood,
And smothers them in her own blood.

Tho' calm her face or raged in storm,
Treacherous deeps her waters form;
And only those whose natures be
Suited to a life in the sea
Can withstand the embrace she gives;
Or e'en stand the toss of the waves.

And in her bed her body lies, [skies,
Her round face looking tow'rd the
Reflecting on the atmosphere,
What makes Old Mother Nature's tear;
And thus with sympathy she shares,
A part of Mother Nature's airs.

And animals that swim the deep,
And those who ocean's bottom creep,
And all that live above its face,
Where dock grows at a shallow place,
Or in the air, or on the land,
All God creates by Nature's hand.

Nature begets them by degrees,
All different kinds, as Law sees
Fit to grant to Time to bring forth,
A higher stage upon the Earth.

And Love in Nature grows more
strong,
Development in Ocean moves along,
And animal life has largely grown
To take the form of flesh and bone.

Tossing the waves with playful airs,
Which oft violent on them bears,
To chase each wave just out of reach,
Until it leaps upon the beach.

Mother Nature gives her the splash,
Nature gives the salt water brash,
While she drinks up fluids prepared,
Mother Nature to Nature'd shared.

Mother Nature's of bilious spells,
Tossing the waves, which grasp the shells,
Placing them safely at the beach,
Some far inland just out of reach,
While fierce billows o'er these she casts
The white caps in an Ocean blast.

XI.

NATURE AT WORK.

The Planet, Earth, becomes a shell,
And on its islands formed now dwell
A mighty host of living beasts,
Relishing Father Nature's feast;
And man, the object of it all,
Is placed thereon to till the soil.

Its inner wall is burnt and charred,
Until its surface is so hard,
That heat has no effect to bear,
Upon the atoms that are there.

And hot, electric rivers flow
Within, and like torrents they go,
Sweeping along the side that bears
Electricity that Sol shares.

And while the earth circles Old Sol,
Their mass traverse from pole to pole,
Through one continuous scaffolding,
Of fire proof atoms embracing.

And currents by electric fore, [course
Pass through this truss work as does
The Life in Nature's work throughout
By Law's system to bring about
Results through Life which time de-
mands
As God requires of Nature's hands.

The life of earth in fever's spell
Creates a current round its shell,
Coursing through Mother Nature's
veins,
Many through old Winter's domains,
Which carry Winter's icy breath,
Into the hottest zones of earth.

The heat within earth's hardened wall,
Causes gasses to form in all
The outer part of earth's great crust
Making explosions oft that burst
Out to the surface. Or, which way
Form in fluids in earth to stay,
As a reserve of Nature's power,
To draw from at the needed hour.

'Tis Nature at work in his shop,
Who never has time his work to drop,
But plies his hands to this or that,
And thus the earth abounds in fat.

A sphere that bursteth forth with Life,
God's noble work and onward stripe,
A gift to man by Nature's part,
An overflow of God's own heart.

Each power existing great or small,
Atoms of earth or aerial gall,
Things more remote than atoms call,
Spiritual things, creation all.

Whether for Life, or Death, or Hell,
These in Nature their story tell,
To bring about the work complete,
And tender to the spirit's meat.

These all are blessings for mankind,
In whom the spirit was consigned,
That man might glorify God's name,
In holy usage of the same.

And not a state or power exists,
But in Nature who thus consists,
Of necessary powers for Life
Eternal, or eternal Death;
Which spirits by their will are free,
To choose their future destiny.

And thus the soul that God has made
Obtains its growth through Nature's aid;
While Nature tends to natural things,
Of which man is, in whom life brings
The growth of this eternal being,
God or Satan overseeing.

XII.

NATURE ABOUT THE SHOP.

The workshop Nature keeps in store,
Until this life and toil is o'er;
And while the seasons come and go,
Its bounteous treasures overflow.

Oft times the business of the day,
Would permit him outside to stay;
But content with his indoor life,
He leaves the outside for his wife.

And while she plies herself to art,
The Old Nature will do his part,
Which he with chemistry performs,
The work complete, her art adorns.

Oft times a work of chemistry
Is left for her to oversee.
Thus Father Nature's work goes on
And yet his work is never done.

A sedentary life is his,
And very quiet too it is.
But Mother Nature puts on airs
And blows about her own affairs.

And Mother Earth and ocean seas,
To their polar extremities,
In sympathy with Nature freeze,
While hoary winter degrees his breaths.

And Ocean's sweeping currents swing,
Their arms round polar seas and bring,
A warm feeling to his heart,
And winter's display of Nature's art.

Old Sol's reflection upon these,
Illuminate electricities,
Old Mother's northern auroras,
And also southern coronas,
Telling by signs spoken by space,
How winter pinches Nature's face.

The saddest of the year is so,
That when his fire of Life is low,
Within his shop, he stays to hide,
If Mother Nature storms outside.

And while the weary hours go by,
Gazy takes Sol far down the sky,
He takes him there to warm the poles,
And dissolve Nature's chemicals.

Nature's system is so complete,
In which to distribute the heat,
To best advantage on the earth,
Extending wide its grothy girth.

While frigid zones ice mountains raise,
As Nature veils them from Sol's gaze,
Sol will so sure return his feet,
To lay them low with fervent heat.

Sol keeps a steady fire all day,
Watching the icebergs float away,
As they break loose from seas of ice,
Which lay along the polar skies.

These pass along the troughs of Earth,
To cool Old Nature's fevered blood;
While floating in the current's flood
And also atmosphere's wide berth.

They carry cool refreshments down,
Far in the hot and burning zone;
There to be neutralized again,
By chemicals and oxygen.

From whence they pass into the air,
Being part of Mother Nature;
Building up her decaying powers,
Which she by times on Nature showers.

XIII.

MOTHER NATURE'S TEMPER.

While Mother Nature breathes with Love,
Within the dome that stands above,
She drinks a long drawn draught of health,
And treasures up a store of wealth.

But in the season of repose,
When Nature's windows winter close,
And shuts him in, veiling from sight
With blankets of a snowy white.

And while her fire of life is chill,
Because of going 'yond the hill,
From where old Gazy sits and turns,
The atoms over which Sol burns.

'Tis then her fingers icy get,
As she upon her hammock sits,
Or while on winter's cavern floors
She passes down its corridors.

She feels that life is cold without,
And sympathizing goes about
Taking her veil over her face,
And spreading blankets every place.

On window panes of crystal ice,
That fill the windows all so nice,
Hard hearted winter put in place
To shut in Nature's smiling face.

Though cold, her hands are never still,
Her fingers like an icicle;
She warms them with her breath at will
Nature's temper the while is ill.

She losing temper when so cold,
Will storm awhile then tries tos cold,
And when she gets quite warm again,
She peeps at Nature now and then.

And if he is as sluggish now,
Gives him a blow upon the brow,
And shuts the windows up once more,
Clothed in white as they were before.

And Gazy, broad in his embrace,
Looks pleasant like in Mother's face,
But oft at Mother Nature's trials,
He casts a wink and at her smiles.

Oft times she takes a squally spell,
And tempest tossed with winds that swell,
He stares her squarely in the face,
Until she fairly storms the place.

Her disposition restless is,
And oft around the corner, whiz
She goes, at forty knots an hour,
As she breathes forth to vent her
power.

Sometimes when temperament is high
She pelts the shop with stones near by;
And oft as in a bark she sails,
Its craft against the shop she hails.

These are but passions of her own,
Which Nature feels has largely grown
From sympathy that Gazy bears,
As she reveals it by her airs.

For when her castles floating high,
Are torn in atoms from the sky,
And hurled below towards the shot
By taking tumbles in a drop,

She raises quite a thunder round,
And makes a noise of rumbling
Electric forces of some kind, [sound;
Are brought to bear upon the mind.

And after clouded thoughts have gone,
And Sol smiles rays to peep thereon,
The scene is bridged in colors bright,
With a more pleasing, lovely sight.

There, stamped upon her clouded face
Every known color you can trace;
She blushes at her bow in space,
And shows it in her clouded face.

The background of the scene is dark,
While in its face there stands an arc
Of blue, and green, and red, and white
And all rich colors to the sight.

The crystal globes that fall through space,
Make one vast background for a base,
And Sol has Light adorn its face,
Who paints a rainbow there in space.

XIV.

MOTHER NATURE'S ART.

Upon Time's sea old Nature's skift
Was grounded on its present drift,
And Mother Nature's helping hand
Helped him to drag it on to land.

Ever since, she art is plying,
And the artists all are trying,
By the powers at their command,
To imitate her work by hand.

On her canvas representle,
She oft blows her breath so gentle,
That a change in its relation,
Brings new scenes of variation.

On the walls of Nature's workshop,
Hanging from bottom to the top,
Is one lovely painted seance, [ance.
Always seen with changed appear-

And though Time has often scanned it
And was there with those who planned it,
Interest in it seems to strengthen
As the past may grow and lengthen.

This great picture on Time's easel
Stamps in life how truth is real,
Life of every different shade,
Following naught but laws God laid.

God's laws of Life distinguishing
Its kind alone and producing
Within the channels of each Law
Marked expressions, features 'thout flaw,
The Nature, will and character,
The color, grooming and the care.

Spiritual powers and reasoning,
Centering in its maker being,
Blurred not with an imperfect scroll,
Picture of perfectness the whole.

Impressions cast from God's own mind
Eternal Laws which were designed,
For Mother Nature to express [ness.
God's Wisdom, Love, Power, Perfect-

Printed upon the page of Space,
Depths unfathomable make trace
Their powers; whose series never end,
Whose Laws but God alone can tend.

This life as yet in harmony,
With that living truth, Eternity,

Rendering to God its feeble prayer,
Only as Time's cloak pictures it there.

God's laws are infinite in all
His love, unbounded by a wall;
And reaches to all creatures small,
Even to man after his fall.

To see God's powers in grandest scale
He formed the universe wholesale,
With Truth as center of its swing,
Round which the worlds in time doth
cling
In love; and so God's greatest thing
Is Truth, the center of the ring.

Reasoning man hath not an eye
More perfect than he who stood by;
Designed his powers that he might see
How his own perfectness should be.

Eternity hath not its space
To reconcile it in its place;
But that Old Mother Nature's Laws
Are justified through God the cause.

Picture of an endless space,
Showing creation in its place,
Mother Nature's eternal face, [brace.
All blessed with God in Time's em-

Rendering back to him the store,
Of Love he loaned to life before,
That the spirit of Love may be
Ever renewing Eternity.

XV.

MISS DAY AND THE BLACK NIGHT.

As Gazy sits above the skies,
He also turns and moves his eyes,
To look about within the space,
That Nature has adorned with grace.

And within this tented tower,
Mother is busy every hour,
Fixing and toileting her face,
And decorates her dwelling place.

In lovely chambers of the east,
She with the dawn will have a feast,
Upon the table of the skies,
While sleepy Gazy shuts his eyes.

Here the Night of darkest deeds,
Makes haste to leave on swiftest steeds;
Here the Black Night lingers late,
And skulks away at rapid rate.

Here Dawn bids morning to Old Sol,
And sister Day, morning to all,
While Sol shoots forth a piercing ray,
And chases the Black Night away.

This is the tragedy of death,
Played upon the stage of earth,
Where the Night of darkness dies,
On Mother Nature's pillowed skies.

Here is the birthplace of Miss Day,
She comes quite often there to stay
But a few hours, then chased away
By a Night that passed that way.

She is a lovely maiden, white,
Dressed in a robe of blue and light,
Comes to gladden the hearts of all,
But making short her morning call.

Gazy has sought to see her face,
But when she comes within his place,
Her veil shuts out his eyes to see
How pleasant looking she may be.

She is the daughter of Old Sol,
Who shot his arrows through the wall,
And killed the Night that stood before,
Old nature at his workshop door.

Working her way on Nature's hearth,
Her mother is Old Mother Earth,
And she sees after Mother there,
To light up her worldly care.

And while assisting Nature's work,
She is Old Mother Nature's clerk,
And waiting mistress in her hall,
Presenting Nature those who call;
Till she from Time the moment choosed
To have Miss Day to be excused.

This is in afternoon quite late, [gate;
When evening meets her at Time's
Then passing up the western hill,
She looks not back, nor stands she still;
But down the path of Sol's broad way,
To where Old Nature's hearth of clay,
Is heated by Old Sol's bright fire,
And she with mother suffers there.
While passing by the western cave,

Where many a Night has stood so
brave,
And watched the man in crescent bow,
A false face Sol put there to show,
She lingers long upon the hill,
That towers highest, creeping as still
As death, she climbs its rock height,
Where last she's seen to flee from
Night.

As Twilight's ragged edge is chased,
By evening o'er the hills in haste,
Miss Day the Black Night would o'er-
haul,
Did she not company with Old Sol.

The western horizon is lit,
As Sol reflects the rays at it
Where Mother Nature's parting veil
Glimmers shades of Miss Day's face
pale.

Night comes, hasting on his steed,
Swift as a ray of light can speed,
Dressed in black he haunts each place,
Where shadows dark conceal his face.

And searching each and every nook,
Where he can penetrate to look,
He seeks to find some hole so deep,
That his own selfish powers can keep,
To watch therein or sleep or stay,
And live a hermit in his way.

Looking down from his lofty height,
Gazy ever watches the Night,
As he goes round and round the shop,
Or climbs so shyly to its top.

XVI.

MOTHER NATURE'S MUSIC.

Old Mother Nature's character
Is represented by the air,
In which you find her loveliness,
Or tuned perhaps to the adverse.

But what may toot or what wind blow,
She is ready at once to show
Her disposition in the case;
And there you find her in her place,
As well adapted to her sphere,
As those in her place could appear.

She whistles in a jug all day,
To while her idle time away
The telegraph, and all such things,
She often plays upon their strings.

As through the trees she gently goes,
A gentle breeze she gently blows,
As blowing on a thousand reeds,
And blows again as sound recedes.

A thousand discords on the air,
She tries to make them here and there,
By blowing on each twig that grows,
And more it sounds when more she
blows.

And many hours she whiles away,
As she her music tries to play;
Which is the most peculiar made,
Of any music ever played.

Her instrument no tongue can tell
To what degree its notes may swell,
Or in what place its chording keys
Are fingered by the gentle breeze.

But up and down upon the scale,
The sound does swell as swells the gale;
And back again to lovely strains,
The sprinkle of the gentle rains.

The hush and roar of angry flames,
That whist and writhe in burning
pains,
And crack and hiss and spit their ire,
With red hot maddened, burning fire.

And then a new strain on the keys,
Like birds singing among the trees;
Or all the mockingbirds at dawn,
Singing at once their morning song.

And sounds of voice in the air,
Which imitate sounds everywhere;
As makes appear a mighty host,
Talking to see who can say the most.

And on again with mighty roar,
As sounds the water when dashed o'er,
A high precipitated wall,
As in a cataract they fall.

And back again to softer keys,
And whispers of sweet harmonies,
Which oft are broken here and there,
By thunderings upon the air;
Sounds as going away from you,
And laughing as the echoes do.

When a repeat or two is heard,
Like one grown tired speaking the
word,
And not perceiving what he said,
Substitutes brevities instead,
Ends it in mutters very low,
Hello, low, o–o–o.

And mingled with the same low strain,
As it is echoed back again, [at bay,
Strains that would charm the ghosts
Enchanting them upon their way,

And then the peal of cannons' roar,
With rumbling noises o'er and o'er,
And thrampling as of cavalry,
Rushing upon the enemy.

And all the fiends of deepest hell,
That might escape from out their cell,
Become dumbfounded at the strain,
Cease not their agonized domain.

They think it is the Devil's gong,
As he is maching troops along,
To place them back behind the bars,
Or fight for him his hellish wars.

And while their hearts get faint and
weak.
The Voice of Nature tries to speak,
The glory of God's wisdom here,
Upon the earth and in the air.

And Mother Nature sings by sound,
She scatters notes the world around,

In every key in every chord,
In praises of the God our Lord.

The spirit sings its hymn of choice,
Illustrated through Mother's voice,
Who wafts it to Eternity,
From whence echoes God's harmony.

XVII.

FATHER TIME AND HIS HOUR-GLASS.

As Father Time goes down the way,
He notices at break of day,
That Mother Nature old and wand
Has toiled all night with busy hand.

She is a lady pleasure-graced,
But still she has no time to waste;
And on her canvas stretched to view,
At every scene there's something new.

And while she sits upon the breeze,
Changing appearances with ease,
Old Gazy looks upon the scene,
With sparkling eyes so bright and keen,
And he and Mother Nature share,
With Father Time's business affairs.

Long before the Earth's creation,
Previous to Space relation,
Time was sent upon his mission,
To prepare for this condition,

And supply the power that foments,
With his many instant moments,
Which could be only by giving
Away periods of his living.

This to do and still to be,
The same throughout Eternity,
Perpetuates and brings about,
That which Nature can't do without.

But for this there's no existence,
And by lending his assistance,
He is fully represented,
In the things that God intended.

Therefore Law, who gives decision,
That by Time, who gives permission,
To exist. Such Laws of action,
In the same course of attraction,
In the same space, time, and manner,
That Time's laws present forever,—
Proves the truth of God's existence,
Against which there's no resistance.

And in all of Life's production
Time with slightest hesitation,
Stamps it with his superscription,
And the date of its transaction.

This he does with great precision,
Marring not to other's vision;
But to him it is a volume,
History's pages by the column.

Dating back to former history,
When creation was a mystery,
Father Time within his chariot,
Kept his dates in an airy net.

And down through cycles of ages,
He has recorded their stages,
And placed them in creation's sea,
As Time waves of Eternity.

And while Old Nature on Earth's back,
Is seen go down the zodiac,
With Mother Nature holding fast,
To his coat tail as he goes past;
So long will Father Time go by,
Stamping on the Earth and sky;
Results of moments he has given,
To Nature to prolong his living.

While Sol shows Time his large false face,
Old Gazy winks at Time in space,
Till Mother Earth comes between,
And casts a gloom upon the scene.

Mother Nature disheartend quite,
Takes Sol's false face in broad daylight,
And places it where Sol can't smile,
On Mother Earth for quite a while.

And Time adjusting Sol's false face,
Makes it appear in comic grace;
Sometimes a dished face with long chin,
And then a broad face with a grin.

He keeps account of all the signs,
And when the moon no longer shines,
He turns it over end for end,
And thus returns its golden sand.

This is his measurement of time,
Upon the old hour-glass system;
But in a larger scale than they,
And in a more ingenious way.

His glass is round just like a ball,
With axes to its outer wall,
And turns around upon the same,
As it rests in an airy frame.

When gold has filled quite full the
bowl,
Time's glass, which centers on a pole,
Is overturned from left to right,
And then the gold passes from sight.

And while the glass is turned about,
To let the gold go running out,
Old Father Time brings it before,
Old Sol's bright fire and Nature's door.

And at this place he turns it o'er,
And gold returns as did before,
And while the bowl fills to the pot,
He takes it round behind the shop.

And as Old Father Time goes by,
He has Old Gazy move the sky,
With some degree along the line,
Where Sol's great fire can on it shine.

And while the fire shines on the bowl,
Old Mother Nature paints the whole;
The side towards the fire with light,
The other side as black as night.

And Law, who governs all and brings,
About the change of natural things,
Sought Time to momentary be,
In making up Eternity.

While on its ax Earth turned once
round,
This Law required was one day found;
And stages of Eternity,
Were also known as but a day.

And Nature made these days to be,
Divided by Time who could see
The necessity of the hour,
And the use of his minute power,
The moments called the hours and
days, [years,
To help make up the months and
And these in turn helped Time to be,
The Day of an Eternity.

And Time goes to the moon to stay,
To count the months that go that way,
Whose numbered days the moon has
found.
In passing Earth but once around.

Then to the Earth he turns his face,
To count the month she does embrace,
To traverse orb around the sun,
And counts each one a year begun;
But every time this course is run,
Is but a day of Time begun.

XVIII.

TIME'S SPRING DRESS.

And Time rolls on for Earth to bring
The year's morning, beautiful spring;

And Father Time lays winter's cloak,
In Mother Nature's wash to soak;
And dresses up in spring's attire,
As green as fancy could desire;
All Life that Gazy looks upon,
While Nature smiles that winter's gone
And left the place while he's the guest,
Of Life and Love at Law's request.

Time with spring's gay dress in fashion
Brings Old Nature through mud splash-
Down the Zodiac's lawn of space, [ing
Where are sweet smiles that angels
place,
On Gazy's brow to charm Life's eye,
While Nature tends and Time goes by.

The angels bear these smiles of heaven,
And tack them on the workshop door;
That the Love that God has given,
Life may sip from Nature's store,

Blossoms sweet and buds all blooming,
Mother Nature's now perfuming
Her breath with fragrant aromas,
Fresh from Nature's choice displays.

The buds on every living plant,
Bursting their bonds with bold intent,

Unfold the Life that Nature sent,
Time to the spirit makes present.
In Mother Nature's ways her (h)air
Is fumed; her tears she sheds them
where
Old Time will share his sympathy
With her, and work in harmony,
That what their worth, Life may feel
To spend this season pleasantly. [free

Sol's warm sympathy for Nature,
Softening his icy feature,
Gives to Mother Nature's fingers,
Taste to handle leaves and flowers,
And each tiny little plantling,
Like a little silver scantling,
She its little leaves unfolding,
Bracing, chaffing, touching, holding,

Mothering, nursing its weak form,
Putting its cloak for Sol to warm;
Bathing and drying its body clean,
Making look fresh its dress of green,
Till it can hold its head with ease,
Bold faced 'gainst the wind and breeze,
With flowry cheeks and gems inset;
With buds and blossoms and pistilet,
That wave and nod obeisance,
With gracefulness and much of scents.

'Tis life that Nature should fulfil,
These natural things, such is God's
Requiring such a life as hers, [will;
To do these duties as a nurse.

Not just upon the earth is she,
To spend her time as nurse to be;
But what of Nature's part she shares,
Is that tending Mothers's affairs.
To render back to earth its powers,
In giving spring its sun and showers,
Which swells the very soul of earth,
With richest blessings and with mirth.

In spring the brooks the waters swell,
And rush along their banks pell mell;
Flowing onward from side to side,
Till in some larger stream they glide,

Prattling, rippling on their way,
Telling the story, how that they
Were sent to kiss the earth's sweet face,
While Time adorned it in spring's grace.

Creeks are one continuous tail,
Of water flowing by hill and vale,
Until they meet some other course
Of water, which oft forms the source,
Of some of Nature's mighty veins,
Leading earth's blood to lower planes.

That when in spring Nature is drench'd
With rain, that Life's thirst be thus quenched;
Earth might not be deluged all o'er,
And Nature be as 'twas before;
The islands with their rivers came,
To lead earth's waters back again;

While all their banks some story tell,
Of ages when some life germs swell,
To render unto God some power,
Developed for that very hour.

And this is Nature's work to do,
That Life may be brought forth anew
In all its robes of loveliness;
In spring is when Time brings its dress
For Mother Nature's wash to clean,
While Sol now smiles and earth looks
green.

Life-giving spring time, sun and
showers,
Come swift to rescue the living flowers;
In crystal shackles long bound fast,
Forged by Old Winter's chilling blast

The wind that woos all verdure green,
And kisses Life upon the scene,
Like to a child, that has no care,
Sounds his gladness in atmosphere.

Sun chases shadow, not in vain,
Up and down the hill and plain;
And soon the fields with one accord,
Tell coming prospects of rich reward.

The gentle tears that trickle down
Upon earth's brow once cold and brown
Are kissed away with airy grace,
By Love beaming from Nature's face.

Spring time, what love doth charm
thy life

With sweet refreshing breaths, thou hath
The glow of freshness in thy face;
Thy blush makes Love for Life's embrace.

XIX.

TIME'S SUMMER DRESS.

While Time is taking his short rest,
In looking over Nature's vest,
He sees that it begins to fade,
'Tis not so lovely as when made;

But in its pockets everywhere
Is Nature storing all his ware;
Measuring to each one a share, [spare.
Just what Old Time would let him

Miss Day puts in some extra work,
And gets from Time more hours to
That all of busy life may see [clerk,
More of the pleasant things, that she
Has opportunity to show
In Nature's gardens where they grow.

The plains are dressed with grain and grass,
And timbered land bears fruit and mast.
And all of Earth in summer's gown
Is laid with gifts that Nature found,
And placed them where man's will is
To gather them, or let them be. [free

In spring Time found the buds and
flowers,
But now they're gone with all spring
showers;
Among the leaves now in their place,
The plump fruit hangs its blushing
face.

Such sweets as Nature has in store,
Are hung at Nature's workshop door;
Where Mother Nature makes display;
Time's summer dress in her own way.

And though she seems to take no pains
To make display the Earth's domains,
Each part wherein she helps prepare,
Law scrolls to Life with greatest care.

The sweet blush now that life can wear
Old Mother Nature paints it there;
And all the sweet things on life's page
Does Mother Nature's powers engage,
To paint the Earth in summer dress,
In all of summer's loveliness.

Earth now dress'd in a rich green shade
Appears young as a handsome maid;
Life breathes fast through her leafy
veil,
Nor does Life linger on Time's trail.
But on his very heels she trods,
On what business it makes no odds.

And Nature sleeps and dreams Life's
dream,
To make appear as does Life seem;

Man sleeps and dreams that Life is
beauty,
Nature wakes and life is duty.

Summer's harvest time is bringing,
And to Nature's fingers clinging,
As he holds his arms extended,
Are the gifts that God intended.

Nature should bestow in harvest,
Spirit rejoicing Life is blessed;
Puts forth its lips and tastes the juice,
That God has caused the earth produce.

The summer sun with showers of rain,
Sink deep their shafts on hill and
plain,
Draws old Nature from his domain,
By electricity's powerful chain.

These powers of Life expand the chord
That holds Old Nature's rich reward,
And lets his life-blood through the vein
To Mother Nature's vast domain.

The style and dress of summer's gown,
That Time in summer brings around,
Is different in each different age,
Which that summer is all the rage.

No joy is ever full complete,
Until it tastes of summer's sweet;
Until it drinks from nature's cup,
The sweets that summer brings to sup,

Summer, the mid-day of the year,
Whom Sol has made himself appear,

To sit upon the topmost seat,
And send to earth his hottest heat,

Is when the earth begins to fade,
Its lovely dress of green and plaid,
And older grows as does the year,
Finds Sol tow'rd winter's zones draw
near.

XX.

TIME'S AUTUMN DRESS.

Old Father Time's autumn attire,
Don't suit somehow to Life's desire,
And he is busy at the waist,
To make it fit to Nature's taste.

The gown is old and ragged, too,
And Nature colors it to dew,
Until time can obtain a new,
Which he will rip that he will sew.

He cuts and trims and sows and sows,
Till Mother Nature goes and blows,
About the fragments Time has made,
Of Earth's sweet gown, summer dis-
played.

The many tints and lovely shades,
The many styles of different grades,
Of such trimming Nature could place,
To decorate the Earth's broad face.

Time in the spring began to show,
And as time flies his numbers grow,

Until the entire summer gown,
Does not comprise the number found,
Of every shade, shape, tint and hue,
He needs to make Earth's garment do,
Until the end of this long year,
In which this garment does appear.

Nature has gone to its expense,
Its value simply is immense;
The style of trimming he has made
Is of the very finest grade.

Only the powers of Time can tell,
In yon Eternity how well,
The garment of Time's autumn dress,
Has given life its loveliness.

A lovely autumn full, complete,
For harvesting, of fruits and meat,
The evening of the year, when all
Of Nature's work complete makes fall.

When Time upon the year has brought
The wane of life, and Earth is fraught
With every blessing life can give,
In every field of life to live.

When Nature's powers run one course,
Of Law which produces the source,
Of each and every germ of life,
Nature's conception can contrive.

The twilight of the season's sun,
When Sol has sunk 'yond horizon,
To part of Earth, where life is numb
Already, 'neath old winter's thumb.

When Time permits Old Winter, Frost,
And edge his tools, where they had lost,
The temper of their tormer state,
And keep a watch until so late.
As Nature's season life is prime,
Begin to bite and pinch the vine,
Till life approach its ripest stage,
The gray locks of the season's age.

How grand does Earth's face now appear,
In Time's autumn dress. Earth is near
The fullness of of her season's toil,
Well ladened with its gifts and spoil.

And though Old Time has on it placed,
His fingers where dead shades are traced,
They are but words upon Life's page,
Written by Nature's hand that age,
Is coming on to this long year,
And Winter will quite soon appear,
To claim his share of Earth's remains
While Life's blood curds in Nature's veins.

The foliage of wood and glade,
Bears warning signs that Time has made,
For Nature to prepare Earth well,
To stay in Winter's chains a spell.

The insect and each thing that dies,
When Winter throws frost in its eyes;
Nature has such pack-germs in kegs,
Till Time brings spring's dress croaks the frogs.

The leaves are plucked and laid somewhere,
As Mother Nature's fingers bear,
That insect who may chance by there,
May hide himself from Old Winter.

And feed upon the distilled juice,
That Nature from these leaves produce,
Which lays in pools in every one,
That can such fluid life retain.

And every germ of life that be,
Time's autumn dress is made so he
Can shelter some of every kind,
While Nature makes food they can find.

From smallest bit to largest beast,
Nature performs for each a feast,
Upon the products of his hands,
Which he brings forth as Time demands.

And each of these are for man's good,
That man the Earth replenish should.
Subdue the hills, valleys and plain,
And cause come forth its life and grain.

That when Old Time in winter's dress,
Brings forth to Earth its chilliness,
Man can truly with comfort rest,
Since God his work with fruit has blest.
Or when the autumn time of age,
Has brought man to his hoary stage,
His soul can rest and trust in him,
Whose love subdues the frosts of sin,
And whom Nature is pointing to,
In every law he brings to view.

XXI.

WINTER AND TIME IN WINTER'S DRESS.

As Time lays by his Autumn dress,
Winter comes forth in shagginess,
And binds the Earth in bands of
Icicles, holding Nature fast. [glassed

Winter who climbs far out the poles,
Upon which Nature bears and holds,
The Earth in God's vast Universe,
By Laws that govern to rehearse;
The Time permitting life to be,
Comes down in torrid zones to sea,
And land and lakes that he can claim,
And fastens Nature in the same.

Mother takes off Earth's leafy vest,
And Earth in snowy white is dressed;
While Time presents Old Winter,
crowned,
For Nature to adorn his gown.

And Nature hangs his pearl like jets,
On Time's new winter gown, and sets
It off in finest ornaments,
That Mother Nature's art presents.

The elements by Nature change,
And crystallize in shapes that range,
Throughout the entire space and line,
Of ceaseless architect design,
Which Mother Nature's powers ar-
range,

With fingers that do things in strange
Peculiar ways, which she now blows,
About wherever Winter goes.

Winter, whose blood runs cold in veins,
Of temperature which Sol restrains,
When e'er his presence doth behold,
That part of Earth, Winter makes cold

Lives at the poles of Earth's great
sphere,
During almost the entire year,
And when Old Sol has gone to stay,
At one of Earth's poles for a day,
(A Day which Law provided that,
Old Sol shall melt Old Winter's fat)

Winter will make the other pole,
His headquarters and bind Earth's
whole
Frigid Zone in great fields of ice,
That raises high toward the skies;
Their mountain spires like cities white,
In Winter's dress and Time's long
night.

While at the poles Sol casts his eye,
With longing gaze at towers so high,
In that vast city Winter made,
Which Mother Nature's art displayed.

His fiery darts which pierce their rays,
Into their glass-like forms and gaze,
With steady fierceness all the time,
That Sol so near their top doth climb,

Lays Winter's city in the deep
Waters, where Old Nature asleep
In death's cold hands, in winter's cell,
Abide by Winter's Laws a spell.

Old Mother Nature now feels cold
To Earth, since Winter has got hold
Of Nature, fastening his fangs
In Nature's bosom, where he hangs
And sucks the life-blood in his veins,
To icicles and icy chains,

With sympathy she does her part,
By Nature showing how warm her heart,
And so to hide the scene from sight,
Casts o'er it all a robe of white.

XXII.

MAN IN NATURE.

While God permits Nature to be,
Time unfolds in a living sea,
And Life presents eternity;
Its Love and husks and poetry.

In Time God breathed the breath of Life,
And man became a living soul,
God blessed his work and called it good,
For man was imaged like as God.

The Son of God the son of man,
Bore the image that we began,
And never ceased from being pure,

He was the life, the light, and door,
Through which God brought about
Nature,
That man might all his blessings
share,
But Satan taught man how to sin,
From which misery and death begin.

Man might prolong his earth career,
By eating of the tree of life,
But he who made man in Nature,
Would free the soul from an endless
strife.
Thus God put five to guard the tree,
That the soul might get free from the
body
Through death. That by the rich-
eousness
Of God, who lived holy for us, [blood,
Our souls receive life through his
That on the cross for sin was shed.

With knowledge God endowed man's
His intellect was to behold [soul
Nature, that he might thus subdue
The powers that were there for him to.

The sensibility his soul
Possessed, were 'tentions to control
The life that was allotted him,
By properly adjusting them.

Will was the court and Judge of trust,
Who formed decisions to adjust
The sensibility to act,
In accordance with intellect.
The body Nature gives to man,

God fashioned and revealed the plan
Of life that man should strive to live,
And to attain this end, God give
To him all living things of Earth,
To bless his table and his hearth.

Man is a creature Nature sustains,
Giving food for body and brains,
Filling designs for which man yearns,
When these supplied his want still burns.

Life of the body Nature made,
Is elements of flesh and blood,
The spirit life that which is man,
Pulsates the heart of thought which can,
Reach into profound depths of space,
With reasoning and mist'ry trace.

And as his body grows and lives
By sustenance that Nature gives,
So does his soul branch out in thought
As environments it feeds has taught.

The soul is store house where you find,
Treasured up the fruits of the mind;
Gathered from the environments,
In which most it finds content.

Guard then thy thoughts; they are but seeds,
That ripen into living deeds; [seeds,
Bringing you to your weal or woe,
As does your Nature in them grow;
Implant and store within the soul,
Christ's spirit whom God maketh whole.

These all are powers of the spirit
Of man revealing life in its
Many phases. And all the powers
That Nature has to while Time's hours.

And in them is true sweets of life,
Good motives end, where there's no
strife
Against the power of sin, to try
To live is to prepare to die.

God provided all things needful,
That your life may be pure and true,
If through Satan your nature's evil,
No one is blamable but you.

The God like creation breaks his back,
To every duty and not slack
With Love to him who gave
The privilege to be life's slave;
With pleasant Nature sees no wrong,
That the offender brings along;
But strives to do what is God's will,
Believing 'tis ordained to fulfill,
Some part of Law through righteous-
ness,
That he himself ought to possess.

The Golden Rule, to others do,
As you would have them do to you,
Is but regards Earth's social laws,
This commandment Christ gave to do,
Love one another as I loved you,
For this come I unto this cause.

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